

# AMERICAN HISTORY STORIES

FOR VERY YOUNG READERS



EVA MARCH TAPPAN

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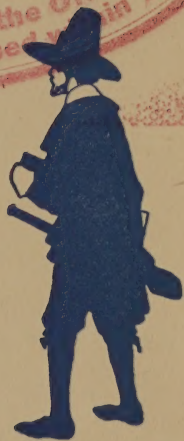
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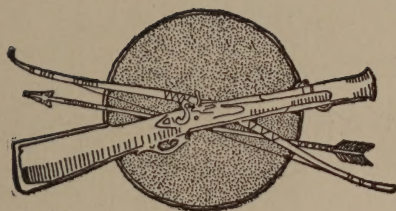
POCAHONTAS



# AMERICAN HISTORY STORIES FOR VERY YOUNG READERS

BY  
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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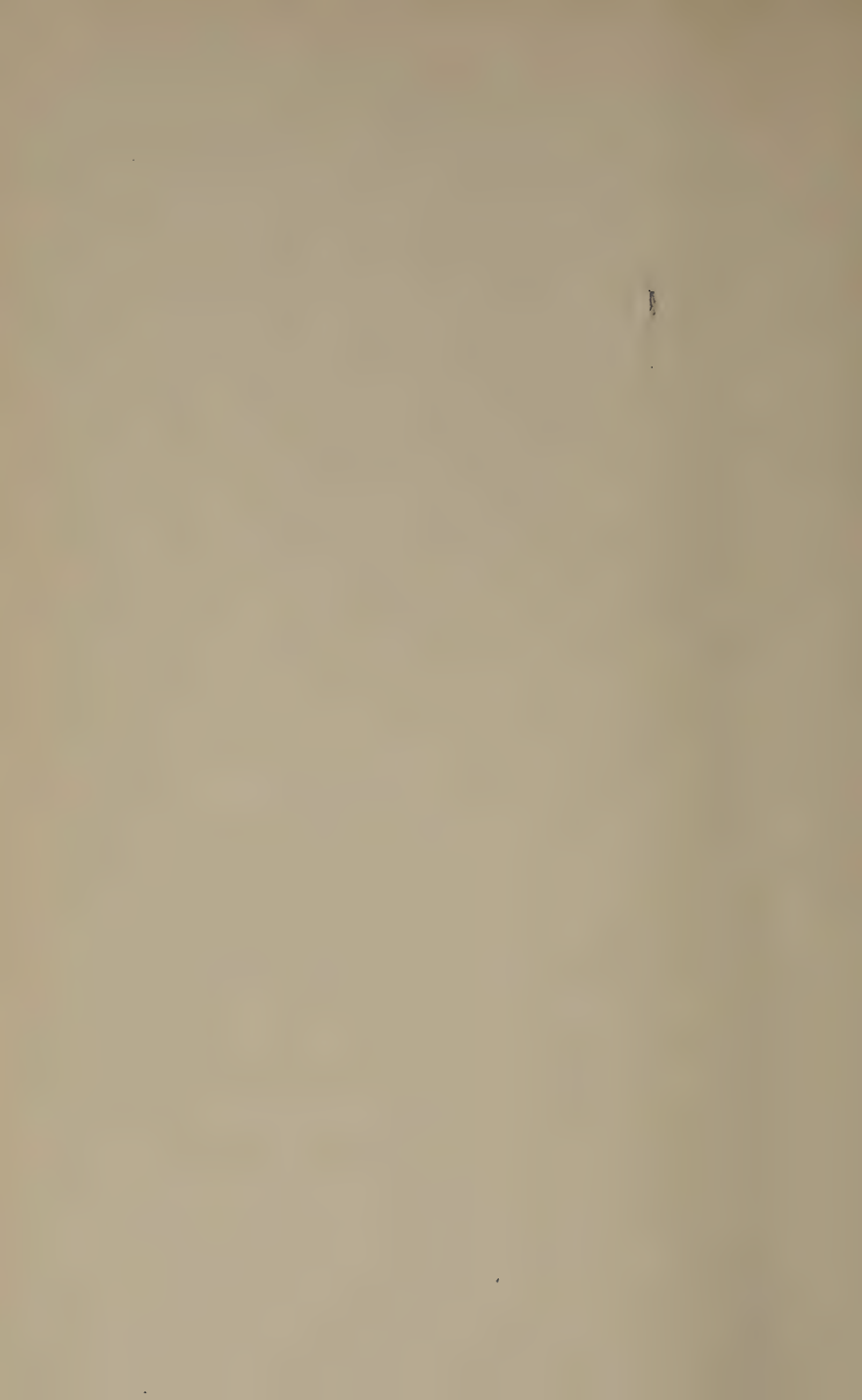
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# AMERICAN HISTORY STORIES



## SNORRE, THE NORTHMAN BABY

NEARLY one thousand years ago a boy named Leif Ericsson lived in Greenland, in a little settlement which his father, an Iclander, had founded. When Leif was grown up, he went to Norway for a year or two, and there he heard that a son of one of his father's old friends in Iceland had seen a new country. This is the story that the young sailor told:

"I was on my way from Iceland to Greenland, but I was blown out of my course to the south and went past land that I never heard of before."

"What was it like?" asked Leif. "Was it wooded or bare? Did you see any people? What grew there?"

"Oh, I didn't go ashore," the sailor re-

plied. "I was going to Greenland, and I didn't want to stop."

The more Leif thought of this unknown land, the more he longed to see it. "Will you sell me your ship?" he asked the sailor. "I want to make a visit to that unknown country."

So it was that Leif sailed away to the south. He is thought to have landed on the coast of Rhode Island or southern Massachusetts. He found so many grapes that he called the country "Vinland," or "vine-land." He and his men built some little huts and spent the winter.

When he went back to Greenland, everybody wanted to hear about the new country, and before long Leif's brother, the brother's wife Gudrid, and a crew of sailors started to visit the land where grapes grew and where the winters were warmer than in the north. It was a sad voyage. There were fogs, and storms, and sickness. The brother died, and the vessel had to make her way back to Greenland.



Gudrid was a good sailor and liked adventures, and she persuaded her second husband, one Thorfinn, to found a colony in Vinland. They set out with sixty men, several women, and a number of cattle, and began their settlement.

At first all went well. They piled up lumber to send back to Greenland; they dried grapes; they declared that never had they eaten such salmon or tilled such fertile soil. "It is a land of light and not of darkness," they said, "for the day and night are more nearly equal than in Greenland." The Indians were eager to trade with them, and were ready to give costly furs for little strips of red cloth.

But by and by the Indians began to be less friendly. There were quarrels and fights between them and the white men, and both Thorfinn and Gudrid began to think that perhaps Vinland was not so delightful a place as they had at first thought for spending their lives. They had

now some one to think of besides themselves, for a new settler had arrived, their baby Snorre.

Little Snorre was the first white child that ever played on the New England shores, or picked wild strawberries on the hillsides, or perhaps went on little fishing trips with a sailor father off the New England coast. He was quite too precious to be left to the Indians if anything should happen to his father and mother; and at last they decided to give up the colony and go home to Greenland.

So they loaded their vessels with lumber and sailed away to the northward. The little three-year-old must have been a good sailor, for he reached Greenland well and strong. He grew up and married, and many of the most famous people of Norway, Denmark, and Iceland are proud to say that he was their ancestor.

This is the story of Vinland as it is told in the old hero tales of the North.

## WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA

ONCE upon a time there was a little Italian boy who used to play about the wharfs not far from his home and watch the ships come in. "Where does this ship come from?" he would ask. Sometimes the sailors would say, "From Spain," or, "From Portugal," but they never said, "From America." No one in all Europe knew that across the Atlantic Ocean lay the great country which we call America.

Every one knew, however, that there was a country named Asia. The eastern part of Asia they called "the Indies." Traders made the long, tiresome journey to the Indies, and carried woolen and linen cloth, glass dishes, and wine. They sold these to the people of Asia, and bought of them cloth of cotton and of silk, ivory, pearls, diamonds, spices, and pepper to bring back

to Europe. Of course these things were very costly because they had to be brought from so far away.

The little boy who played on the wharfs was named Christopher Columbus. When he grew up, he became a sailor and made a number of voyages. He thought and read and studied, and he found that many learned men believed the world to be round. India lay far to the east of Italy. "But if the world is round," he said to himself, "why could I not sail to the west, across the Atlantic Ocean, and come to the Indies from that side?"

There was a good reason why not. He would need a great deal of money to fit out ships for such a voyage, to pay sailors, and to buy food. Columbus could not do this by himself, for he was not a rich man. He was now living in Portugal, and he asked the King of Portugal to help him.

King John said, "My learned men say that your plans are foolish and impossible,



but if you will lend me your maps, I should like to look into the matter for myself."

Columbus went home happy, for he thought that he had found a friend; but before long, he was a very angry man. He discovered that King John had sent out two ships secretly, so that, if the Indies could be reached by sailing west, the gain and the glory might come to Portugal, and not to this Italian stranger. The ships had met storms and had hurried home, and the sailors had said, "You might as well expect to find land in the sky as in that waste of waters."

Columbus was so indignant that he left Portugal and went straight to Spain to appeal to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. Year after year he waited in vain, and at last he took his little son Diego and started for France.

Tramping over the mountains makes people hungry, and before long the small Diego wanted something to eat. They were

near a convent, and Columbus knocked at the gate and asked for food for his little son. The prior of the convent soon found that this stranger was a learned man, and they had a long talk together about the plan of getting to the Indies by sailing west. "I will write to the Queen," said the prior. "I have been her father confessor, and she will listen to me."

She did listen. More than that, she called a meeting of the most learned men of the kingdom. Columbus told them what he planned, and Queen Isabella exclaimed, "I will pledge my jewels to raise the money." After all the long years of waiting, Columbus was to go at last.

It was not easy to get sailors, for people thought the Sea of Darkness, as they called the Atlantic Ocean, was full of monsters. At last, men from the prisons had to be taken to make up the number. The three little vessels set sail. The people on the wharfs stood watching them out of sight.

Then they turned away and went to their homes weeping. "We shall never see those men again," they wailed. "It was a cruel thing to make them go on such a dreadful voyage."

The sailors were frightened, too, and as the ships sailed on, they were more and more afraid. They caught sight of a volcano on an island. "That will surely bring us bad luck!" they cried. The wind blew from the east, and they muttered, "We could never sail against this, and even if we found Asia, we could not get back. We shall never see our homes again." Some of them whispered, "Let's throw Columbus overboard some dark night"; and if he had let them know how far they were from Spain, they would surely have done this.

But one day they saw a tuft of grass floating in the water—then a branch with berries on it—then a piece of carved wood. "We are almost at the Indies!" the

sailors cried, and now they were as eager to sail on as their leader himself. One evening Columbus saw a light moving along as if some one was carrying a torch. When morning came, land was in plain sight, and here and there they caught glimpses of naked, copper-colored people, peering out from behind the trees at the strange vessel and the men with white skins.

Columbus and his sailors went ashore, the leader in a bright scarlet robe. He unfurled his banner and claimed the land for Spain. He gave the natives beads and little bells and red cloth; and they gave him parrots and strange new fruits. He thought the earth much smaller than it really is, and he believed that he had sailed far enough to reach India. He was really on one of the Bahama Islands, but he supposed that it was one of the islands of the Indies. He had reached it by sailing west; therefore he called the group of islands the



West Indies, and the natives he called Indians.

Columbus went back to Spain to tell the wonderful story of what he had seen. He made three more voyages, always hoping to find the great cities of the Indies. He never knew that he had found, not a new way to the Indies, but instead the great American Continent. What would he have thought if any one had said, "Between the West Indies and the East Indies there is a broad continent and an ocean much wider than the Atlantic?"

## VIRGINIA DARE

### THE FIRST CHILD BORN OF ENGLISH PARENTS IN AMERICA

LONG ago, when people were first beginning to think that it might be worth while to have colonies in America, a famous Englishman called Sir Walter Raleigh decided to found a settlement in what is now North Carolina.

Sir Walter was a wise man, and he sent out, not single men, but whole families, so the colonists would have real homes, with father, mother, and children. They crossed the ocean in the best of spirits. They were to have plenty of land. There were forests of cedar and pine, and they could send off shiploads of lumber to be sold in England and make them all rich men. Then, too, there was no knowing what treasures they might discover in the wonderful new world. Gold, silver, pearls, rubies—a man

might perhaps find these in his own doorway.

They landed on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina. The plan was for them to explore the mainland until they had found a good place to settle; but the captain refused to help them. He would leave them one small vessel, and that was all he would do; and he sailed away to do some trading for himself in the West Indies.

The colonists had to stay where they were, and they founded on Roanoke Island a settlement with the fine-sounding name of the "City of Raleigh."

It was not long before these settlers began to fear lest their food should give out. They begged John White, who had been appointed their governor, to return to England and make sure that more was sent.

"I am your governor," he replied. "It is my business to share your troubles, not to go off and leave you."

“But it might be the only way to save our lives,” they pleaded. “Sir Walter has many things on his mind; go and see that we are not forgotten.”

Poor Governor White! To sail away to England almost broke his heart, for his only daughter, the wife of Ananias Dare, had a baby only a few days old. Queen Elizabeth had named the country Virginia, and therefore the baby had been called Virginia Dare.

He hoped to return at once, but Spain was about to send a great fleet to attack England. Every English ship was needed for defense and everybody was too busy to think anything about a little colony across the ocean.

After four years had passed, Raleigh succeeded in getting a ship to sail to America. Gov. White was on board and hoping to reach Roanoke Island in time to celebrate the little Virginia's fourth birthday.



LITTLE VIRGINIA DARE



The ship anchored at Roanoke Island; the sailors fired gun after gun; they shouted; they blew a trumpet; they sang old English songs; but there was no answer. At length they landed and came to the "City of Raleigh." Grass was growing in the block-house. Buried chests had been dug up and broken open. Leaves of books and torn sheets of writings lay on the ground; but not one person was to be seen.

The colonists had agreed that, if they should think it best to go to any other place, they would cut its name on a tree; and that, if they were in any trouble, they would cut a cross after the name. The Governor looked at the trees, and high up on one of them was "CROATAN," the name of an island where some friendly Indians lived. There was no cross after the name, but he could not help fearing, from the looks of the settlement, that the colonists had been in trouble, and that possibly all of them had been killed.

The captain of the vessel agreed to sail to Croatan, but storms arose, and in spite of Governor White's pleading, he made for England as fast as he could go. Sir Walter was no longer rich enough to send a vessel across the ocean. The colony was given up, and no one ever knew what became of the little Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents in America.

## POCAHONTAS, THE LITTLE INDIAN PRINCESS

MORE than one hundred years after Columbus crossed the ocean, a company of Englishmen came to America and began a little settlement on the banks of a river in Virginia. Their ruler was King James, and in his honor they named the river the James, and the settlement Jamestown.

These men had expected to pick up pearls and gold by the bagful, and then to go home and be rich people all the rest of their lives; and when they found that they must cut down trees and split logs and build huts for themselves, they thought they were badly treated. They had expected to buy food of the Indians, but the red men would not always sell. What was worse, they often lay flat in the tall grass with bows and arrows, crept up to the settlement, and killed some of the settlers.

It is hard to tell how the Englishmen could have lived if Captain John Smith had not been one of their number. He always seemed to know some way to get food from the Indians, and more than once he saved the settlers from dying of hunger. Still they were not satisfied. They thought he ought to find a way to make them rich. "Why don't you explore one of the rivers," they demanded, "and find the way to India?" — for so little was then known of geography that they thought any river coming from the west might be a passage to Asia.

Captain Smith finally yielded and started up one of the rivers; but he was taken by the Indians and brought before Powhatan, their chief. Powhatan ordered food brought for the prisoner, then he and the lower chiefs talked together. Captain Smith knew well that they were deciding what should be done with him, and, although he tried to eat and to act as if the food

tasted good, it was not an easy thing to do.

Before long, Powhatan said: "In the fight you killed some of my braves. You are going about the country, and we think you are trying to find out ways to do us harm. Then, too, you are the wisest and strongest man in your village, and if you were not there, the other white men would have to go back to their own country. Therefore, you are to be put to death."

Then the braves put two large stones on the ground before Powhatan and Captain Smith was thrown down with his head upon them. Strong Indians stood grasping their heavy clubs to beat out his brains, when something happened.

It seemed that Powhatan had a little daughter Pocahontas, whom he loved best of all the world. She had been begging her father to let Smith live, but for once he had refused her. Suddenly she sprang to the captive, threw her arms around him, and laid her head upon his. "Oh, well, let



him live," said Powhatan. "He can make hatchets for me and bells and beads for my daughter."

Two days later, Powhatan said to Captain Smith: "We are friends now. You shall go back to your village, and if you will send me two of your cannon and a grindstone, I will give you land and forever look upon you as my son."

So Captain Smith went through the forest to Jamestown with twelve Indians to escort him. "Here are the cannon and the grindstone," he said to the Indians. "Take them and carry them to Powhatan." The Indians tried to lift them. "Ugh!" they said. "Much heavy!" — and when Captain Smith loaded the cannon with stones and fired them into a tree covered with icicles, they ran for their lives. The Captain called them back and gave them many presents that they could carry, and they went home happy.

So it was that the settlement of James-

town was begun. The Company in England that was paying the expenses of the settlers was all the time writing, "Why don't you find the way to Asia? Why don't you send us gold and pearls?" They did once come across some dirt so yellow that they were sure there was gold in it, and they sent a shipload to England; but it proved to be nothing but yellow dirt. They sent boards and sassafras; but these were small matters compared with the shipload of gold that the Company hoped to receive.

The Indians soon found out that the easiest way to get rid of the white men was to refuse to let them have corn, no matter how many beautiful blue glass beads they might offer for it; and if Pocahontas had not brought them food, they would certainly have starved. One dark night she slipped through the forest alone and warned them that her father was coming to surprise and kill them all. "What can we give you?" the settlers asked grate-

fully. "Nothing," she replied. "If it was known that I had come to you, I should be put to death."

When Pocahontas was a little girl in her father's wigwam, no one would have guessed that she would ever cross the ocean and be received at court by the king and queen, but that is what came to pass. An Englishman by the name of Rolfe married her and carried her to England. When she sailed, Powhatan sent an Indian with her to find out how many people there were in the land. He was to cut a notch in a stick whenever he saw a white man; but when he arrived in London and saw the crowds, he grunted in amazement and threw his stick away. About a year Pocahontas and her husband stayed in England. They were ready to sail for Virginia when she suddenly fell ill and died. Her baby son grew up in England and when he was a man went to Virginia to live.

## HOW PILGRIM CHILDREN WENT TO MEETING IN THE WINTER

WHEN Remember and Humility and Resolved and Wrestling—these were real names of real Pilgrim children—lived in Plymouth, they heard every Sunday morning at about nine o'clock the beating of a drum, or perhaps the blowing of a horn or of a big conch shell. This meant that it was time to set out for meeting, and everybody did set out unless he was too sick to walk or to ride on horseback.

Each man carried a gun or a sword. The mothers led the little children, and they marched gravely through the wilderness to the meeting-house. This was a square building made of heavy planks. Its roof was flat, and on it were six cannon, so that it served as a fort as well as a meeting-house. It was built on a hill, of course, so

that no Indians could come near without being seen.

By and by the Pilgrims had a real meeting-house; but in the winter the children's fingers must have been cold, for no one thought of such a thing as trying to warm it. Ministers sometimes preached in heavy mittens or gloves. Women often brought footstoves, or little metal boxes holding hot coals. Little girls sat on low stools and tried to keep warm by snuggling up to their mothers' gowns. They had one comfort—which was a comfort in more than one way—for dogs were allowed to come to meeting and lie on the floor of the pews, and the children could stretch out their little cold legs and warm them on the back of some shaggy friend.

The boys sat on the gallery stairs or in one large pew. Of course even Pilgrim boys could hardly help playing when so many were crowded in together, and therefore a "tithing-man" was appointed to



keep watch of them and give them "raps and blows" if he thought they deserved such treatment.

It is no wonder that the boys were not models of good order, for the sermons were two or even three hours long, sometimes longer. The prayers were often an hour or two in length, and during prayer time people always stood. Not all had Psalm-books, and so the minister would "line out" the Psalms, that is, he would read one line, which the people would sing as best they could with no organ to lead them, and then he would read another till the end was reached.

When the hour-long prayer and the three-hour-long sermon and the lined-out Psalms were all done, the Pilgrims went to the "noon-house." This was a building with places for the horses at one end and for the half-frozen people at the other. The people's end had a chimney and a roaring fire. Here they talked together and ate

the lunch which they had brought with them. But alas for the poor little boys and girls! They did not always have any relief even at noon, for in some places they had to tell what they could remember of the morning sermon and to listen while another was read to them. It is to be hoped that they had plenty of time for lunch.

After the nooning was over, everybody went back into the meeting-house for the afternoon sermon. When this came to an end, the people stood respectfully while the minister and his wife walked out of the house. After this, they all went home, for the short winter day must have been near its end.

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW ENGLAND

ONE cold December morning a vessel named the Mayflower lay at anchor in Massachusetts Bay. It was a little vessel and not very seaworthy, but it had crossed the ocean through wind and storm and had brought from England one hundred men, women, and children. For many weeks they had been crowded into the tiny ship, and they were glad enough when some of the men, who had been on the shore exploring, came back and said, "We have found a place for our settlement."

Then every one of them set to work. It would have taken too long to build a house for each family; so they put up a big cabin in which they could all live together until more houses could be built. So the men and the big boys cut down trees and sawed and split the trunks. The women packed

their clothes and whatever they had used on shipboard, and even the smallest children ran about from one place to another, and felt sure that they were giving a great deal of help to their busy mothers. This was the beginning of the little settlement that they called Plymouth.

These settlers were English, and in those days it was against the law of England to attend any church but that of the king. If a little group of people met to pray in the house of one of their number, the law would fine them or send them to prison. In Holland people were free to worship God as they thought right, and therefore many English who did not wish to attend the king's church went to Holland to live. Before long they found that their children were talking Dutch and were growing up to be Dutch rather than English. What could they do? They talked it over, and at length some of them made up their minds to come to America. These people

are called Pilgrims, or *wanderers*, because they went from England to Holland, then from Holland to America.

Such a hard winter as it was! There was not food enough and a dreadful sickness came upon them. Half of the whole number died. Still, when the Mayflower sailed back to England in the spring, not one of those who lived would give up and return with her. Longfellow says,

“O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!”

The settlers sometimes caught a glimpse of the Indians or heard their yells in the forest. Indeed, when they first landed, they were shot at by the red men. Fancy how surprised they must have been when one day a tall Indian walked into the village and said, “Welcome, Englishmen, welcome!”—quite as if he were an old friend. He told them that his name was Samoset, and that he had a friend Squanto, who had been carried away to England



and had lived there three years. "Squanto can speak English well," said Samoset, "and he will come to see you." Samoset stayed all night and went away happy with the gift of a knife, a ring, and a bracelet.

Not many days later Samoset came again. This time four other Indians were with him, and one of them was Squanto. Squanto told the Pilgrims that the Indians had fired upon them at their landing because they thought these white men were the ones who had carried him away to England. "I told them this was not so," he said, "and the great chief Massasoit wishes to be your friend. He is on his way now to make you a visit."

Not one of the Pilgrims had ever seen an Indian chief or had the least idea how to receive one. At length they decided to present him with knives and a chain, to give him cushions to sit upon, to spread a green rug before him, and to cook him a good dinner. This they did. Massasoit must

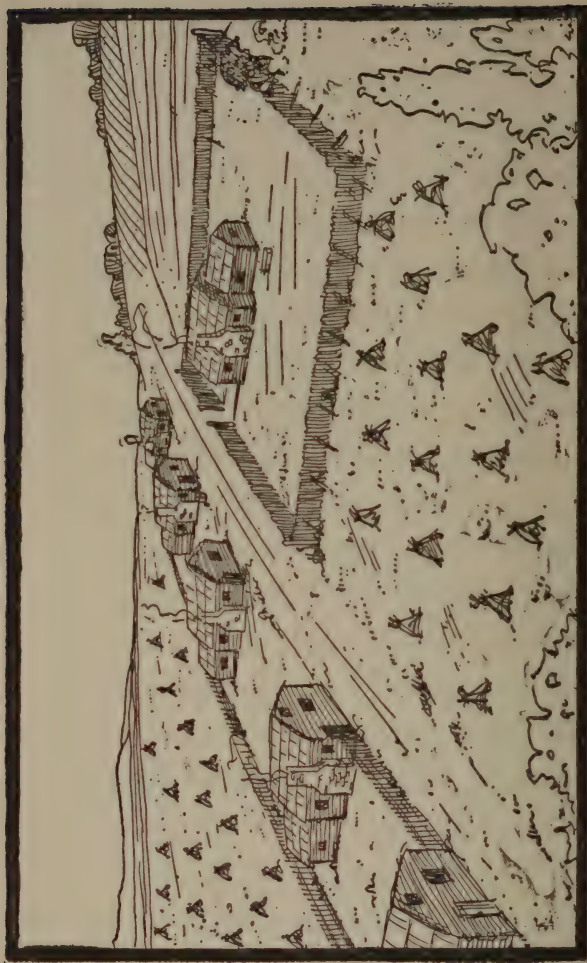
have been pleased, for after dinner he was ready to make a treaty with them. "We will always be friends, and we will stand by each other," he said; and Governor Carver made the same promise on behalf of the white men.

Before long Massasoit had a chance to show that he was friendly. A boy from Plymouth lost himself in the woods. The Indians were most kind to him, and Massasoit sent word where he might be found. Soon the turn of the Pilgrims came to do Massasoit a favor. Word came to them that he was very sick. They went to visit him and carried him medicine, and in a few days he was up again. So it was that the treaty made between the white men and the Indians was kept until both Massasoit and Governor Carver were dead.

Squanto as well as Massasoit was a good friend to the Pilgrims. Their land was stony and not fertile, and he showed them the Indian way of planting it, that is, by putting

two or three little fish into every hill. "The fish will come up the brook," he said, "and you will have as many as you wish." He taught them to tread out eels in the mud with their feet. Whenever they needed to go through the forest, he was their guide; and whenever they wished to talk with other Indians, he was always their interpreter.

When autumn came and the harvest had been gathered in, Governor Carver set apart a day to feast and give thanks to God for his care. This was the first Thanksgiving day of New England. The thanks were very honest, and no one could say that the feasting was not real, for the good time probably lasted for three whole days. Ducks and turkeys were to be had for the shooting, clams for the digging, fish and lobsters for the catching. There were visitors, too, Massasoit and his whole tribe. Captain Miles Standish led out his little army of nineteen men and had a drill, and the Indians sang and danced.



A PICTURE OF A PILGRIM VILLAGE

So it was that the little settlement went on, with health and sickness, feasting and fasting; but no matter what came, the brave people never lost heart. Seven years after their landing they had houses of hewn planks and a stockade of planks around the village. On the hill was a large square meeting-house, also of planks, and on its flat roof were six cannon. When Sunday came, the drum beat and the people marched to the Captain's door, the men with their guns, and took their stand three abreast. Last of all came the Governor in a long black robe with the preacher on his right and the Captain with a sword on his left. Into the meeting-house they marched and made ready to listen to one of the lengthy sermons of the day.



## A CANOE VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

THE English were not the only people that came across the ocean to live in America, for the French, too, thought it quite worth while to have colonies in the New World. The English made their settlements along the coast, but the French went farther inland and made settlements or built forts on the banks of the rivers. Only a few years after the English founded Jamestown, the French sailed up the Saint Lawrence River and founded Quebec.

Among the French colonists were fur-traders and Roman Catholic priests. Both were eager to push on into the wilderness far beyond the settlements. The traders wanted to buy furs of the Indians, and the priests wanted to tell the Indians about Jesus. Sometimes the Indians were

friendly, but sometimes, when the hunting was poor, they said that the "Blackrobes," as they called the priests, had brought sickness and famine upon them, and they tortured the earnest preachers or put them to death.

The traders and priests heard a great deal from the Indians about the country that lay beyond Quebec. One of their stories said that far, far to the west was a great river, whose name was Mississippi, or the *father of waters*.

When the Governor of Canada heard this, he was interested. Ever since the days of Columbus, two hundred years before, people had been hoping that some one would discover a channel across the great mass of land that is called America. They had learned that there was an ocean between America and Asia. Perhaps the Mississippi might flow into this ocean. The Governor decided to send Joliet, a fur-trader, and Father Marquette, a priest, to

find the river and follow it till they could learn where it emptied.

So the priest and the trader, with five men to paddle, some smoked meat, and some Indian corn, set out in two birch-bark canoes. They paddled from the north end of Lake Michigan to Green Bay, and not far from there they came to the home of a tribe known as the Wild Rice Indians because they lived chiefly on wild rice. Father Marquette had preached to them before, and they were very glad to see him again. He told them that he had started to preach to distant tribes far away down the Mississippi. "But, Father," they pleaded, "those tribes are bad. They kill every stranger who comes among them." "Our God will protect us against wicked men," replied Father Marquette. "There is a frightful monster in the river," said the Indians. "You can hear it roar a long way off. It swallows up men and canoes. And high up on a rock demons live who will

surely devour you. Father, do not go, we beg you." "We will watch carefully," said the good father, "and our God will help us, but we must go. I must tell the wicked tribes about Jesus. Now we will pray together before I start." So they prayed together and then said farewell. The little canoes floated away, and the Indians stood on the bank looking sadly after them.

Before long the voyagers caught sight through the trees of something white and shining. As they came nearer, they saw that it was a great white cross, and on it were hung deerskins, red belts, bows and arrows. "What does this mean?" asked the white men; and the Indians replied, "A Blackrobe like this one," turning to Marquette, "told us about the God of the Frenchmen. Last winter we were afraid of famine, but the good God sent us plenty of food, and we have put up the cross and hung our offerings upon it because we are grateful to him."

With the help of these friendly Indians, they dragged their canoes to a stream that flowed into the Mississippi, and soon they were on the great river. Big, clumsy catfish bumped against their canoes. Other strange fish were caught, unlike any that the Frenchmen had ever seen before. They passed Indian villages, and at one of them they had a greeting that was a greeting indeed, for the chief declared that the earth was never so beautiful or the sun so bright as their coming had made it. The river was never so free from rocks, and the corn was never so lovely. "I beg you," he said earnestly, "do not go any farther down the river, for those bad Indians will surely kill you." "To lose my life for God's sake would make me very happy," said Marquette; and after a feast he and Joliet went to their canoes, the whole tribe going to the river-bank with them.

After a while the Frenchmen began to come to the dreadful things of which they



had been warned. The "demons" were as harmless as kittens, for they were only two frightful pictures painted in red, green, and black, high up on a cliff. The "monster" was more of a danger, for its roaring proved to be the raging of the water among the rocks in a narrow channel. Much worse than monsters and demons was a tribe of Indians who gave them a great feast and then laid plans to kill them and steal everything that they had. They would have done this if their chief had not been on the watch, but he saw to it that the guests went safely on their way.

The Frenchmen had now been far enough to be sure that the river did not flow into the Pacific Ocean, but into the Gulf of Mexico. This was what the governor had sent them to find out. If they went farther among the savage tribes, they would probably be killed and all that they had learned would be lost. So they rested one day and then turned back.

There was no more of floating pleasantly down the river, for now they had to paddle upstream in the hot sunshine. It was a long, slow, tiresome journey of more than one thousand miles. Marquette stopped at Green Bay, and there he afterwards died. Joliet pushed on to Quebec to tell their story to the governor. Just before he came to Montreal, his canoe upset and his papers were lost. Marquette's were safe, and it is from these that this story of their journey is taken.

## THE STORY OF A QUAKER

ADMIRAL PENN was in trouble. He was a rich man, a favorite of the king, and at the head of the English navy; but he did not know what to do with his son. This son was an honest, upright young man, a good student, and liked by every one who knew him, but he had become a Quaker.

The Quakers did not believe in the king's church, and they did believe in some other things with which most people did not agree. For instance, they believed that there should be neither armies nor war, and that no matter how badly a man was treated, he should never go to law.

Then, too, the manners of the Quakers did not please the Admiral. They would not take off their hats to any one, for they said that this was showing to men a respect that should be shown to no one but God. They always spoke to a person as

“thou,” and not “you,” because they said “you” meant more than one, and so it was both untrue and was flattery. In those days it was thought as rude for one to speak to an older person as “thou” as it would be to-day for a child to call grown people by their first names, and Admiral Penn was very angry. “You may *thee* and *thou* other folk as much as you like,” he said finally, “but don’t you dare to *thee* and *thou* the king or the Duke of York (the king’s brother) or me” — but the independent William did dare.

The handsome young man was much liked at court; but he would not take off his hat, not even to the king. The merry monarch dearly loved a jest, and one day with a sly glance at Penn he took off his own hat. “Why dost thou take off thy hat, friend Charles?” asked Penn with a twinkle in his eye. “Because,” replied the king, “I notice that wherever I am only one man wears a hat.”

When Penn was twenty-six years old, the Admiral died. The son was as firm as ever in his belief. He wrote Quaker books and preached in Quaker meetings. He was often fined, and he was put into prison so many times that, as he said, he could find every jail in London with his eyes shut. He had his mind upon what he called a "holy experiment." Pilgrims and Roman Catholics had made settlements in America where they could be free to worship God as they thought right; and William Penn was planning such a settlement not only for the Quakers, but for all who chose to come.

It happened that long before this the king had borrowed a large sum of money from Admiral Penn. When the son offered to take some land in America instead of this money, the king was very willing. No one thought of land in America as being of any value, and he gave the young Quaker a tract almost as large as all England. He



even gave it a name, Pennsylvania, or *Penn's Woodland*. Penn thought that to use his own name would look like seeking honor for himself; but the quick-witted King Charles replied, "Not at all in your honor, my friend, but in honor of your father, the Admiral."

In this land many Dutch and Swedes were already settled. Penn sent them a friendly letter, saying he hoped that they would not be sorry that the king had given him this land to govern, for they should make their own laws and be a free people.

Every one knew that Penn would be a good fair ruler, and the next year more than twenty ships brought over settlers for his Pennsylvania. A little later Penn himself came, and a joyful welcome he had. He showed the Swedes and Dutch his deed of the land, and two men, in place of the Duke of York, gave him a bit of turf and a twig, water, and soil; for this was

the old way of declaring that the land now belonged to him.

Then Penn went farther up the Delaware River to where his city was to stand. He had already chosen a name for it, Philadelphia, which means *brotherly love*. He hoped that it would become "a fair green country town"; and he named the streets for the trees of the forest — Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, Pine, and the like.

Very soon Penn made a treaty with the Indians. White men and red men met under a great elm where the Indians had often held councils. They talked and they feasted. Penn sat on the ground with the Indians and ate roasted acorns and hominy just as they did. After a while they showed him how they could jump. Penn himself had been an athlete at college, and before long he showed them how he could jump; and he jumped farther than any of them. The Indians were delighted, and when they were told that *Penn*, or *pen*, meant a *feather*



WILLIAM PENN AND THE INDIANS

or *quill*, they gave him the Indian name of Onas, which has the same meaning. Then came the treaty of friendship. "All shall be openness and love," said Penn; and the Indians said, "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure."

Penn had to return to England, and when he came back to America, some years later, he found that his little settlement had become a town of seven thousand people. He built himself a house with a large hall on the first floor. Here he used to meet the Indian chiefs who often came to see him.

When Penn acted as governor and people came to call on him formally, he had an officer stand at his gate bearing a long staff with a silver tip; but when he was just William Penn, a country gentleman, he was not at all formal. He rode a large white horse, and one day, meeting a little barefooted girl on the road, he invited her

to ride and swung her up behind him. At the Quaker meetings he always took the lowest place in the line of speakers.

The laws of Pennsylvania were just, and the Indians were friendly. Rich and poor were treated alike, and even a man who could buy only a few acres of land was welcome. It is no wonder that Philadelphia grew rapidly and soon became the largest city in the colonies.



## WHY DUSTIN'S ISLAND IS SO CALLED

IN the Merrimac River, a few miles north of Concord, is a small island called Dustin's Island, and this is why it has that name.

Thomas Dustin, who lived in Haverhill, Massachusetts, was at work in the field one morning when he caught sight of a group of Indians creeping up toward his home. He sprang upon his horse and galloped across the field at full speed, for in the house were his wife, a week-old baby, and a nurse. The other children, seven of them in all, were playing about the door.

"Indians!" he shouted, "Indians! Run to the woods!" He began to lift up his wife and the baby, but she cried, "No, no, never mind me, but save my children!"

He galloped away after the little ones, keeping between them and the Indians, turning in his saddle to fire, then shouting, "Go on, children, go on!"

The Indians at last gave up the chase and went back to the house. They killed the baby, and ordered the mother and the nurse to follow them. Then they set fire to the house and started on the march. Such a march as it was! Twelve long miles the first day, through snow and slush. The women had no shoes. Mrs. Dustin was only half-dressed. At night they had to lie on the cold, wet ground. After some days they came to the little island in the Merrimac, but more dead than alive.

One thing gave Mrs. Dustin a little hope. This was that in the Indian camp was a white boy, Samuel Leonardson, whom the Indians had stolen in Worcester. He had been with them a year, and had been wise enough to make them think that he wanted to stay with them always. They were so sure of this that they did not keep watch of him; and as for the women, no one thought that they would think of trying to escape.

The boy Samuel understood the Indian language much better than he let the Indians know, and one day when he and the white women were alone, he said:

"I heard them say that pretty soon they would take us to their village and make us run the gauntlet."

Every settler knew what that meant. Prisoners were stripped naked and made to run between two lines of Indians, who struck at them with clubs and stones and tomahawks.

"I will never bear that," said Mrs. Dustin to herself, and she whispered to the boy, "Samuel, ask your master where to strike to kill a man at a blow, and how to take a scalp."

The boy nodded. He was hardly more than a child, but children grew up fast in those days of danger, and he knew without being told that Mrs. Dustin was planning some way of escape.

She told Samuel and the nurse what

each was to do, and one morning, just before light, ten blows were silently struck and ten Indians were slain. The scalps were taken, all the canoes were scuttled but one, food was put into that one, and away they paddled down the river.

They reached Haverhill safely, but at first their friends could hardly believe that they were really living beings. Mr. Dustin had succeeded in saving the seven children, and the family were together again. Mrs. Dustin carried the ten scalps to the governor to prove that her story was true, and the General Court gave each of the women two hundred and fifty dollars.

This is why the little island is called Dustin's Island.

## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO BECAME AN INDIAN

ONE cold night in February, the sentinel of the little village of Deerfield went to sleep, and the settlers did not know that danger was near until they were aroused by the awful war-cry of the Indians. The red men burst into the houses, knocking in the doors with their hatchets, and before the people were fairly awake, crowds of savages were everywhere.

Many settlers were killed. The others, more than one hundred in all, were dragged out of their homes; and then began the terrible march to Canada through the snow. They were only half-dressed. A number had only a blanket. Twenty or thirty miles a day they had to walk. Their food was little more than acorns and ground nuts.

Among the prisoners was Mr. Williams,



the minister of the village, and his family. His wife and two children were killed, but he and the others, among them the little seven-year-old Eunice, went all the way to Canada. The little girl must have been a lovable child, for the stern Mohawk to whom she was given was very good to her. When she was tired, he carried her on his shoulder. When she was cold, he wrapped her in his blanket; and at night he made her a soft bed of hemlock boughs.

Sometimes the Indians would give up their captives if a ransom was paid them, and several of Mr. Williams's children were "redeemed." But he longed more and more for the little Eunice, and they refused to set her free. After a time, however, he was allowed to see her.

"Won't you take me home?" she pleaded.

"I cannot now," he said sadly, "but do not forget to pray to God every day and He will help you."

"I do," she said earnestly. "I pray



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO BECAME AN INDIAN

every single day. I say over my catechism, too, and I try to keep Sunday."

At last the Indians promised that within two months they would bring the child home. The little village of Deerfield was happy. Every day the people looked for her, but no child was to be seen. So it went on for seven long years. Then one day an Indian woman appeared at the Province House in Boston and asked to see the governor.

"The English captured my children in the war," she said. "They are here in Boston. Give them to me."

"Bring us back little Eunice Williams," said the governor, "and you shall have your children."

"Take good care of them," she said, "and I will bring the girl."

But the woman was of one tribe and the Indians who had attacked Deerfield were of another, and she did not succeed.

Then one Colonel Schuyler went to Can-

ada to try to get Eunice; but now the girl herself refused to come. She had married an Indian and had several children.

“Won’t you at least come to Deerfield and visit your father?” the Colonel pleaded; but she only shook her head.

At last she yielded and went to her early home. She had forgotten how to talk English, and she wore the Indian dress. When Sunday came, her relatives dressed her like a white woman and she went to meeting; but as soon as the service was over, she put on her Indian blanket again.

Still, she must have cared more for her friends than she would admit, for her Indian husband took the name of Williams, and she named her oldest son for her father. She lived to be ninety years old, and died, as she had lived, in her Indian wigwam.

## HOW THE ENGLISH TOOK QUEBEC

THE king of England ran away. He was William Penn's old friend, the Duke of York. When he became king, he did not behave very well, and to save his head he ran away to France. The French king stood by him, and this brought about war between France and England. When one war came to an end, there was always some excuse for another, and during much of the time for seventy-five years fighting went on between the two countries.

It was a pity that the fighting could not have been kept on the other side of the ocean; but whenever England and France went to war, their colonies in America took up the quarrel and began to fight. At last, however, the colonies had a quarrel of their own. It began about some land which both sides claimed, and for seven years it did not stop. Finally, it was plain



that if the English forces could take the French town of Quebec, they would win the war.

Quebec stands on a great mountain of rock that juts out into the Saint Lawrence River. The French had built stone walls and mounted cannon and made the place so strong that they thought it could never be taken. General Montcalm, however, who was in command, did not take any chances. He had heard weeks before that the English fleet was on its way to the Saint Lawrence and he had made ready to receive it. For many miles both below and above the city he had put troops and cannon wherever he thought it possible for an English army to land; and then he waited to see what the English would do.

Before long he saw their vessels coming up the river. They were crowded with men, and these they landed on a little island just below Quebec. The ships were anchored near the island; but the French

had a plan which they thought would prevent them from ever anchoring again. They had loaded some old hulks with tar and pitch and cannon stuffed with powder and balls to the very muzzle, and that night, just before midnight, they were floated quietly off down the river toward the English ships.

The governor of Canada, who had made the plan, was high up in a steeple three miles away, watching. Suddenly he saw one ship after another explode; but these were nowhere near the English vessels, for the officer in charge had lighted them too soon. Some of them ran ashore. English sailors rowed out and grappled others with great iron hooks and towed them away. Not a bit of harm was done.

When General Wolfe was put in command of the English forces and ordered to take Quebec, many people in England thought this was very foolish. "He is too young," they said, "and he is sick. It

needs a well man to take Quebec." He was young and he was sick; but even in his sickness his mind was not on his own pain, but on plans to capture the city.

All summer he tried one plan after another, but every one failed. September came. The river would soon be covered with ice. Quebec must be taken at once if ever. Wolfe had not much hope of success, but he meant to try his best. "No man in England shall ever say that I did not do my duty," he said bravely.

There was just one plan left. Two or three miles above the town are the Plains of Abraham, a great level field high up from the river. At the farther end there seemed to be a little break in the cliff, and it looked as if a narrow winding footpath went from the river to the Plains. At the bottom of the cliff is a small cove. It is now called Wolfe's Cove, and it is not hard to guess why. At the top of the cliff there were tents, but only enough to hold

about one hundred men. This proved to Wolfe that Montcalm did not expect him at that place and so had left only a small guard there.

Indeed, Montcalm could have had no idea where to expect him, for Wolfe took his troops far above the town, as if he meant to attack from there; and he had the water sounded near the shore below the town, as if he meant to try to land there. At one o'clock in the morning Wolfe and his men floated down the river with the tide. "Halt! Who is there?" demanded the French sentinel; and Wolfe replied, "France," for he had learned that this was the watchword of the day. Farther along, another sentinel called, "Who is there?" Wolfe had heard that the French were expecting food from up the river, and he answered, "Provision boats! Don't make a noise; the English will hear us!"

They slipped ashore at the Cove, and climbed silently up the steep cliff, cling-

ing to the rough bushes and branches and roots of the trees. The men on guard were taken by surprise, and were soon overcome. Montcalm galloped up from below the town, and there, on the Plains of Abraham, stood the English army drawn up in line and ready for battle. The battle was fought. Both brave commanders were mortally wounded. As Wolfe fell, he cried to an officer near him, "Support me! Don't let my brave fellows see me drop!" He heard the cry, "They run, they run!" "Who run?" asked the dying man faintly. "The French are giving way everywhere," was the answer. "God be praised!" said Wolfe. "I die happy." When Montcalm was told that he could live only a few hours, he said, "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." His last thought was for his men, and he wrote a letter to the English, asking them to be kind to the conquered French.



Now that the English had won Quebec, the French could no longer hold Canada, and so they were obliged to give it up to England. That is why the battle on the Plains of Abraham is counted as one of the most important battles of the world.

## WHEN PONTIAC BESIEGED DETROIT

THE Indians liked the French much better than the English. The English wanted to make settlements and cut down trees and have farms; and this spoiled the hunting-grounds. The French did not care so much about getting land. They pushed out into the forest and built forts and trading-stations along the rivers. To these the Indians could easily bring their furs to sell, and if they had had hard luck, the French were always willing to let them have blankets and whatever else they needed and trust them to pay the next season.

Then, too, the Frenchmen lived among them in a friendly way, and were always ready to hunt or fish or dance with them as if they were all good playmates. The Englishmen meant to treat the red men fairly and kindly, but they looked upon Indians as merely ignorant savages and by

no means their equals. The Indians were bright enough to see this, and of course they were not pleased.

The Indians were very fond of making visits. The white men were not always ready to receive twenty or thirty Indians, feast them, and make them presents; but the French always acted as if they were glad to see them coming. After Wolfe took Quebec and France had to give up Canada to England, the English soldiers made it clear that they did not care to have Indians at the forts, lounging on the grass or standing around staring at everything. The French fur-traders and settlers made matters worse. They said to the Indians, "The king of France has been asleep, but he is awake now, and he will soon come to drive away the English from your lands."

Pontiac, the greatest of the chiefs, called the tribes together for a council, and told them that he had a plan for bringing back

the French. "We will attack all the English forts on the same day," he said, "and destroy them. Then we will kill the English settlers, and our faithful French brothers will come back to us." He himself would attack the fort at Detroit, the strongest of the western forts.

This fort at Detroit was really a little village with a palisade or wall around it built of thick boards. Within this village were barracks in which the soldiers lived, about one hundred and twenty men in all. To protect them, these English had a few small cannon, and anchored in the Detroit River they had two little armed schooners.

One bright morning in May, Pontiac and a number of his braves came to this fort and said, "We are come to visit our friends, the white men, to dance the dance of the calumet [peace pipe] before them." Major Gladwyn, who was in command, did not like the idea of letting in all those Indians, but he did not think it wise to make them

angry by saying no; so he said, "You may come in." He was a little troubled, however, when he saw that only thirty of the braves were dancing, while the others walked about the fort, looking closely at everything. When the dance was done, the Indians asked if they might hold a council at the fort a few days later. Then they said good-bye in friendly fashion and went away.

Three or four days later, the Major had another caller, a young Indian girl. She seemed so troubled about something that he urged her to tell him what the matter was. "My people would kill me if I told you," she replied. "But I promise you that they shall never know," said the Major, and at last she told the secret. "Pontiac will come to-morrow with sixty men," she said. "They have cut off their gunstocks so they can hide the guns under their blankets. He will make a speech of friendship with a peace belt in his hand.



Suddenly he will turn the belt. That will be the signal, and every Englishman will be slain."

Early the next morning, Pontiac and his followers came to the fort. The gates were flung open, and Pontiac was a badly surprised Indian, for there stood all the soldiers of the fort drawn up in line. A little way off a drum began to beat. They marched into the council house, and there sat the Major and his officers, each with sword and pistols. "Why have the young men their guns?" asked Pontiac. "That is for exercise and drill," replied the Major.

There was nothing for Pontiac to do but to make his speech; so he began to declare what a faithful friend he was to the English. Gladwyn watched closely, and once, when the Indian made some movement with the belt, the Major raised his hand, and just outside the door the fortress drums beat the charge. Pontiac sat down in amazement. His plot had been found out.



PONTIAC MAKING A SPEECH

Then he rose, and without saying another word he and his men marched away.

Again and again Pontiac attacked the fort. He shot burning arrows upon the thatched roofs, hoping to set them afire. The Indians were always on the watch, and if an Englishman's head was seen at a loophole or above the palisade, an arrow went on the instant straight to that spot. They did their best to destroy the boats, and more than once they sent great fire-rafts down upon them, somewhat like the fire-boats used at Quebec.

It was quite possible that the Indians might hew their way through the palisade or even burn through it; but that did not alarm the white men so much as the lack of food. They knew that convoys with food were on their way, and one day the watchman called, "Convoys in sight!" Then there was rejoicing indeed. The soldiers fired their cannon in welcome. It would have been better if they had saved their

powder, for these vessels flying the English flag were manned by Indians. The English sailors had been captured or killed by the red men.

One morning the river was hidden by a thick fog. When this fog melted away, there lay twenty-two barges with food, powder, and two hundred and eighty brave men. The garrison cheered and cheered. There was no feasting, for no one knew how long the siege might last, and whether even with the new supplies of food there would be enough to keep them from starving.

Autumn came. From May to October Pontiac had besieged Detroit. During this time some tribes had made peace with the hated English, but Pontiac still held out, hoping for help from the French. On the last day of October, a letter was brought to him from the commandant of the chief fort held by the French in that part of the country. "The French and English are at

peace," it said, "and look upon each other as brothers." Pontiac's last hope was gone. He gave up the siege. A few years later, he was murdered by another Indian.



## THE BOSTON BOYS AND THEIR SNOW-HILLS

BOSTON COMMON was in the first place set apart for the use of the cows and the militia. Hither the cows were driven every morning. They roamed about all day, chewing their cuds, resting under the trees, and perhaps wondering a little what it meant when the militia once in a while wanted a share in their pasture to use as a training-ground. When night came, the cows were called for and carefully escorted to their homes and milking-sheds.

It is a pity that all the memories of the Common are not so peaceful and calm as these; but it was not long before the settlers began to use it as a place to hang criminals. In spite of this, the young men and young girls still gathered on the Common a little before sunset and walked about under the trees and up and down

the winding paths till the nine o'clock bell rang, which was the signal for all well-behaved people to go to their homes. Then the constables appeared and went their rounds to make sure that no rogues were about. It was not more than one hundred years ago that the good people of Boston sent a petition to the selectmen of the city that the Common should be no longer used for executions. Not many years later, the cattle were shut out.

During all the years, whether the Common was used for cows or criminals, there was one use that never failed, and that was as a playground for the children. In the summer they sailed their boats on the Frog Pond, they ran races and played games just as they do to-day. In the winter, they skated on the pond and coasted on the little hills, sometimes piling up snow to make them higher, and beating it until it was smooth and slippery. Not long before the Revolutionary War, when the

British troops were in Boston, they built a fort on the Common. For several months the soldiers had little to do, and it amused them to torment the boys.

The boys asked the British captains to prevent this, but they only laughed. Then a company of the older boys went to Governor Gage, and told him their story.

"So your fathers have been teaching you rebellion," said the Governor, "and have sent you here to show it to me!"

"No, sir," replied the leader of the boys, "no one sent us. We have never insulted your troops, but they have trodden down our snow-hills and broken up the ice on our skating-grounds. When we complained, they made fun of us. 'Help yourselves if you can,' they said. 'You are only a pack of young rebels.' Yesterday they spoiled our coasting for the third time" — then he perhaps forgot that he was talking to the governor, for he added, "and we won't stand it any longer."

Governor Gage was not angry, but pleased with the boys' demand for fair play. It is said that he turned to an officer and said, "The very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe." To the boys he declared, "You may be sure that if my troops trouble you again, they will be punished."

## GEORGE WASHINGTON, FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

SIX years before Quebec was taken, a young man fell off a raft into ten feet of icy water. If he had been drowned, we might still be under the rule of England. The young man was the son of a Virginia farmer, and he had been sent by the governor of Virginia to warn the French in their fort on the Ohio River that they were on ground belonging to the English.

He gave the message and set out on his return. The snow was deep, the rivers were high, the Indians were all around, and the horses were soon so tired that the young man with his one companion made his way on foot back to Virginia. His work was so well done that this young George Washington was made Lieutenant-Colonel Washington. Before long he was put in command of all the troops of Virginia.



Then came the war which ended with the capture of Quebec. By this time he had been elected one of the burgesses, or law-makers of his State. As he quietly took his seat in the House of Burgesses, he suddenly found that some one was making a speech thanking him in the name of Virginia for what he had done during the war. He was always a little shy, and now he was so overcome that he could make no reply.

Washington had on the banks of the Potomac River a beautiful home, a large plantation or farm called Mount Vernon. The farm work was done by slaves, but they had to be trained and cared for. There were overseers, of course, but Washington kept everything under his own eye, and made sure that the plantation was managed in the very best way. He was much pleased when he found that the flour and the tobacco from Mount Vernon were the best in the State.

Washington loved his home, and he

would have been glad to spend all his life at Mount Vernon; but before long his country was in trouble and needed his help. A quarrel arose between England and her American colonies, and there was fighting at Lexington, in Massachusetts, between the English soldiers and the colonists. War was surely coming, and Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of the American forces.

In those forces were hunters, farmers, city men, men who had fought Indians in the forest or Frenchmen at Quebec, or who had never fought at all. They brought whatever firearms they chanced to have, hardly any two of the guns alike, and they wore whatever they had been wearing at home. There were only a few tents, and these were made of sails sent by the seaport towns. There were no uniforms and no money to buy any. Worst of all, there was only a little powder. These men loved their country and they were good fighters,

but they had been used to doing things by themselves. They did not realize that a soldier's first duty is to obey orders, and when an order was given, they saw no reason why they should not talk it over with their commander and suggest some plan that they thought might be better. This undrilled crowd Washington had to make into an army.

Then followed seven years of fighting. Washington drove the British out of Boston. In New York they once made their plans to attack him early the next morning; but when morning came, there was no one to attack. He and his ten thousand men had slipped across the river in a fog and were safe on the farther side. One dark night he took his forces across the wide Delaware River, full of masses of floating ice, marched nine miles in the snow, and took one thousand prisoners. The British commander, Cornwallis, then set out to punish him, so sure of success

that he made ready to return to England, and said to his officers, "We have run down the old fox, and we'll bag him in the morning." But the "old fox" had a way of doing things at night while his enemy waited till morning. He left a few men to keep the camp-fires burning and to do some very noisy digging with their shovels. The British heard this and laughed to think how little good the earthworks would do the "fox." They never guessed that Washington was quietly leading his troops to the rear of the British lines and winning a battle there. It was no wonder that they did not like such an enemy as this American commander, for he always did just the thing that no one expected.

One terribly cold winter the British were in Philadelphia, and Washington and his men camped at Valley Forge in order to keep watch of them. The Americans needed food and clothes and shoes and blankets; but one day news came that

made them forget their sufferings, for France had agreed to help with ships and money. There was never another winter like that one, and after the seven years of fighting Cornwallis surrendered.

Washington said farewell to his officers and men and went back happily to his beloved home by the Potomac, expecting, as he said, never again to be more than twenty miles from Mount Vernon.

He hoped to live quietly all the rest of his life; but when he found that at the first election of President of the United States, every vote had been cast for him, he felt that his country needed him, and he must not refuse. A second time he was elected, and again he felt that he must accept. At the end of this term, he refused to hold office longer and went gladly back to Mount Vernon for the three happy years of life that remained to him.

But suppose that he had been drowned when he fell off that raft in the wilderness!



## THE SCHOOLGIRL WHO SAVED THE FORT

IN what is now Wheeling, West Virginia, there was in colonial times a strong fort built of great logs. It had a good well, a powder magazine, and a cool, dry place in which to store food.

This fort was so good a protection that a little settlement of twenty or thirty houses had been built around it. One of these houses was the home of a young girl named Elizabeth Zane. She had seen very little of it, however, for she had only just returned from a boarding-school in Philadelphia. She did not know much about the wild life of the frontier, but she did know that if the cry "Indians! Indians!" was heard, every one must fly to the fort.

The schoolgirl had hardly settled herself in her home when she heard the cry of "Indians!" Elizabeth, her father and

mother and the other settlers caught up what they cared for most of their possessions and ran to the fort. When all were in, the gates were closed.

This was during the Revolutionary War. The English governor of Canada had planned the attack. He had put a white man named Girty in command, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians as a boy and had become as much an Indian as any of them.

Girty came forward with a white flag. "Lay down your arms and surrender!" he said. "If you yield at once, no harm will come to you; but if you resist, every man of you will be put to death. Choose for yourselves!"

"When you have killed the last man within these walls, we will yield, and not till then," shouted Colonel Shepherd, who was in command.

He was a bold man, for the settlers had already made a sally, and had lost so many

men that only twenty were left. Firing began. The white men fired very carefully, for they knew that the supply of powder was small. Worse than that, they soon learned that there was none at all, for the little keg containing it had been left in a house some sixty yards from the gate. The Indians had gone to carry their dead to the woods, but they would return at once.

"It is almost sure death to go for the powder," said the Colonel, "but will any man volunteer?"

"I will!" "And I!" "And I!" cried several of the men.

"Only one," said the Colonel. "Choose among yourselves which it shall be."

"I have chosen already," said the school-girl. "I am the one."

"No woman shall risk her life while there is a man to go," all the men declared. "It is almost sure death."

"That is just why I go," replied Eliza-

beth quietly. "No man can be spared from the fight, but one girl is little loss." For the sake of the other women the men yielded, and she darted to the house. Perhaps the Indians thought that she had gone back foolishly for some childish treasure, and they would not waste powder on a girl whom they could kill so easily after the fort had been taken. At any rate, not a shot was fired.

But when she came out with the little keg of powder in her arms, then the Indians knew why she had gone. The bullets showered around her like hailstones, but not one touched her, and before the keg of powder gave out, men came from another settlement to help. The Philadelphia schoolgirl had saved the fort.

## DANIEL BOONE'S DAUGHTER

IN all the colonies there was no better hunter than Daniel Boone. He knew the woods as well as the Indians themselves, and he was never so happy as when he was wandering about in some wild region that no white man had ever seen before.

On one of his expeditions he and some friends went to what is now Kentucky, and were so pleased with the country that they decided to bring their families and make a settlement. They selected a site on the banks of the Kentucky River, built log cabins around a piece of land longer than it was wide, and drove into the ground between them a fence or stockade of sharp-pointed logs. At each corner they made a two-story house of hewn logs, with loopholes through which they could shoot. There were two gates of heavy timber with strong wooden hinges.



Boone now went to North Carolina and brought his family back with him to their new home. His wife and daughters were, as he said, "the first white women who ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River." Other families came. They liked the place, and all went well.

The men, of course, had to go outside the fort to fish and hunt and care for the gardens; but the women were not afraid. They had been in forests before. They knew that they were safe within the thick walls of the fort. The Indians made no attack, and, as the days passed, they felt no fear even when the men of the little settlement were away all day long.

It would have been better if they had been just a little more timid, for they felt so safe that late one afternoon it occurred to Boone's daughter Jemima and the two Callaway girls, Betsey and Frances, to paddle across the river. Trees and shrubs came down to the edge of the water and leaned over the stream.

These were very beautiful—and also very useful to hide five stout Indians—and the moment that the girls' canoe came near the shore, one of the red men slipped down the bank and caught hold of a rope hanging from the bow. The girls screamed, but there was no other canoe to cross from the fort, and almost in a moment the prisoners had been dragged into the woods and were out of sight.

It was night, and nothing could be done before day; but with the first ray of light the pursuit began. The Indians had done their best to hide their course, and sometimes they had walked a long distance apart through the thick canes. For thirty miles the men pursued. They had to go very carefully, for they were afraid that, if the Indians found that they were followed, they would kill the girls.

These girls had been careless, but they were bright enough to know how to help their friends find them, and, wherever they

could do it without being seen, one of them would break off a twig or tear off a bit of her dress, for Boone's eyes were as keen as those of any Indian, and they were sure that he would see and understand the signals.

They were right, for before long the white men saw a thin trail of smoke rising and caught a glimpse of the girls, not harmed, but terribly frightened. Indians and white men fired at almost the same moment. Then the Indians ran for their lives, and the girls were saved.

## “THE LITTLE ANTIC DRUMMER”

DURING the Revolutionary War, the British north of the Ohio River kept arousing the Indians to make attacks upon the settlers south of that region. Colonel George Clark, a brave Virginian, got permission to try to capture the British forts and so stop this raiding.

One of these forts was at Vincennes, Indiana, and Clark and his men started off for the place. It was February, and February is not a pleasant time to travel across country. There had been thaws and freshets. There were bogs and swamps and mud. Every little brook was a torrent. Every level plain was four or five inches deep in water. The weather was not very cold, but it was rainy.

Men who were sulky and cross could never have made such a march, and Colonel Clark knew that the only hope of ever

coming in sight of Vincennes was to keep his men happy and in good spirits. They shot game through the day and took turns in giving feasts. They sang and they played on a little fiddle, and danced around the camp-fire, whenever there was enough dry land to dance upon. Then they went to sleep laughing at the labors of the day.

Before long they came to the "drowned lands," great plains where even in the most shallow places the water was three feet deep. From one to another of these they ferried themselves and their luggage across in a pirogue, a boat like a wide and clumsy canoe.

Colonel Clark was so bright and cheery that he almost made his men believe they were on a picnic. It was not always an easy thing to do, and he was glad enough of the help of a young man whom he called "a little antic drummer." This drummer was full of pranks, and he always had something funny to say or do when things



were at their hardest. When they were struggling to cross this inland sea, he suddenly stopped work, took a seat on his drum, shouted, "Steer my boat, some of you!" and floated off gayly while the whole company stood laughing at him; and before long they were as merry as children at a party. "Rivers can't stop us!" they cried. "If we can cross this, we can cross the Wabash, and to take Vincennes will be as easy as rolling off a log."

One more day would bring them to the fort. The water spread out before them and Colonel Clark waded in to find out how deep it was. He was a tall man, but it came to his neck. It is no wonder that he made his way back to his men slowly, for he was trying to think what he could do. He could hardly help looking sober, and the men were discouraged at once.

The wise colonel knew that he must do something to make them laugh. He caught up the "little antic drummer," set him on

the shoulders of the tallest man of the company, blacked his own face with a handful of powder, and gave a war-whoop, as if this was nothing but fun. The "antic drummer" beat the charge. Clark drew his sword, shouting "Forward!" and dashed into the water, and the men followed him, "like a flock of sheep," he reported. "Sing!" he cried to those who were nearest, and they sang a favorite song with a rollicking chorus, the drummer singing loudest of all.

At last they came to the woods, where they could help themselves along by clinging to the trees; and so made their way to "a delightful dry spot of ground of about ten acres." Fort Vincennes was taken entirely by surprise. "I order you immediately to surrender," Colonel Clark wrote to the commandant; and he thought best to obey.

## WASHINGTON AND THE CHILDREN

THERE is an old quaint little picture of two children, a girl of about six and a boy of perhaps eight. The little girl wears a long, tight-waisted dress, gathered so modestly about her feet that only the toe of one shoe is to be seen. The boy looks like a little old gentleman in his long waistcoat and longer tailed coat. He wears knee-breeches, lace in his sleeves, and carries a bird on his wrist. These were Martha and Jacky Custis, children of the young widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, when she became Mrs. Martha Washington.

George Washington always liked children, and he was very glad to have these two come to Mount Vernon. It was the custom for well-to-do people to send to England every year a list of what they needed and could not buy in America. The children's list is a long one. "Master Custis "

was to have among other things a silver-laced hat, a pair of pumps, "1 handsome suit of clothes," silver buckles for his shoes and knees, gloves, hair-ribbon, sleeve-buttons, and a Bible and Prayer Book well bound and marked with his name in gilt letters.

But this order was nothing compared with that of "Miss Custis," his little sister Martha. Numerous articles, coats, cap, dresses, etc., were without fail to be "fashionable." Even the doll must be in style. Can you imagine the dignified George Washington gravely requesting that "1 Fashionable dressed Doll to cost a guinea" be sent to him? Twelve pairs of shoes he ordered for the little lady, six of fine wool or silk, and six of leather; twelve pairs of mitts and six pairs of white kid gloves, a Bible and a Prayer Book with her name in gilt; and the kindly stepfather did not forget to add "1 box of Gingerbread Toys & Sugar Images and comfits." There is a

list of books for each child; and, wise man that he was, a little trunk for each, marked with the child's name. At the end of the list comes the big purchase—and maybe a surprise for the little girl, “1 very good Spinnet.”

But children grow up fast. Martha died. Jacky married and died, leaving four children. Washington at once asked to adopt the two younger. One was Eleanor or Nellie, two and a half years old; the other was George Washington Parke Custis, named for Washington himself.

Washington was never tired of watching children at play, and listening to their talk. Nellie grew into a merry, pretty young girl, full of fun and mischief. Long afterwards she would tell how heartily her adopted father would laugh at her stories of the pranks of herself and her friends. Washington sent to London for a fine harpsichord for her, costing a thousand dollars, but the poor little girl must have



wished it had stayed on the other side of the ocean, for her grandmother made her practice four or five hours a day. Mrs. Washington thought that children should be brought up strictly; but she could always find some excuse for the boy, though poor little Nellie would, as her brother said, "play and cry, and play and cry" for long hours. The famous harpsichord is still at Mount Vernon.

Before long came Nellie's wedding-day. She wanted Washington to wear to the wedding the splendidly embroidered uniform which the board of general officers had adopted; but he liked better the plain blue and buff, the simple uniform of his soldier days.

## HOW LEWIS AND CLARK SHOWED THE WAY TO THE FAR WEST

THE settlers did not all stay in the East by any means, and many went as far west as the Mississippi River. They raised grain and other farm products, which the cities of the East would have been glad to buy, but there were no railroads to carry them the many hundred miles. The only way to get them to market was to send them down the Mississippi River on flatboats to New Orleans. There they were loaded into vessels sailing to the Atlantic ports.

The country lying to the west of the Mississippi belonged to France. France was ruled by Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was planning to make settlements on his American territory. If he should do this, the United States would be shut in between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. What could be done? If the Americans

owned the land at the mouth of the river, no one could prevent them from using the whole stream; therefore President Jefferson sent an envoy to France to see if Napoleon would sell this land.

Now, Napoleon had also been thinking the matter over. He knew that he was likely to be at war with England before long and to need all the money that he could get. Then, too, if there should be war, the English might slip down from Canada and seize his land, and so be stronger than ever. He made up his mind what to do, and when the American envoy asked if he would sell the little island of New Orleans, Napoleon startled him by saying that he was willing to sell the whole territory at less than three cents an acre. The envoy bought it.

The President was rather taken aback. He had sent his envoy to buy a little island, and the man had bought one third of what is now the United States. Jeffer-

son was not at all sure that he had any right to make such a purchase. But Congress stood by him, the American people were pleased, and the money was willingly paid.

The strangest thing about this sudden purchase was that no one knew anything about what had been bought. There would be plants and animals, mountains, rivers, and Indians, of course; but whether the plants and animals were such as were found in the East, whether the land was fertile and good for settlers, whether the Indians were hostile or friendly, no one could say. The President sent out a party of explorers under Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to find out what kind of bargain had been made and to arrange for trade in furs with the Indians.

They set out with firearms and tools, of course, but also with flags, medals, bright-colored cloth, knives, red trousers, and coats trimmed with gilt braid; for with

these they hoped to make friends with the Indians and to buy food of them.

The party of explorers sailed down the Ohio River, and then up the Mississippi. The plan was to go up the Missouri and learn where it rose; then to go across country to the Columbia, which had just been discovered, and float down to the Pacific Ocean. How to reach these places, no one could tell them; they must find out from the Indian tribes along their way—if they could learn where their way was.

After they had gone about one third of their journey, they met a man who had married an Indian woman and he agreed to go with them as interpreter. But he would not go without his Indian wife, Sacajawea, and she would not go without her baby. What they would have done without her is a question. For many miles she was their only guide. She had traveled through that part of the country when she



was a child, and had never forgotten it. When a canoe tipped over, it was she who saved the papers and medicines. Just having her with them was proof to the strange Indians that the newcomers were friendly, for no women ever went out with a war party. The baby, too, proved to be a good traveler. To be sure, it cut some teeth and had the mumps, and was nearly washed away by a cloudburst, but it made little trouble and must have been a plucky little baby.

These brave explorers met strange animals — grizzly bears, prairie dogs, coyotes, and others. Several of the men were chased by grizzlies. One man went to sleep under a tree, and in the morning found a rattlesnake twined about it. Captain Lewis once went ahead of the party, and left a note for the others fastened to a green pole. A beaver gnawed down the pole and carried off pole and note. Every night when in the cactus country they had to pull the



WOLVERINE



PRAIRIE DOG



GRIZZLY BEAR

cactus thorns out of their feet; Captain Clark found seventeen one evening. They just escaped rolling over cliffs and being swallowed up by rapids and quicksands. All these troubles they took as a matter of course, but they did object to the mosquitoes, which came in clouds and bit them most savagely.

But it was not all hard work, thorns, and mosquitoes. They saw wonderful cliffs, carved into all sorts of shapes by the action of water. They saw beautiful flowers that were new to them. They saw the falls of the Missouri, and these they found not only beautiful, but also very useful. The rivers of the wilderness had no signboards, and they were not sure that they were really on the Missouri till they came to the falls, which the Indians had described to them.

At last they came to the Columbia River, and a few weeks later Captain Clark wrote in his diary, "Ocean in view! O!

the joy!" On the trunk of a great pine he carved:

"WM. CLARK DECEMBER 3D 1805 BY  
LAND FROM THE U. STATES IN 1804 & 5."  
So it was that explorers crossed for the  
first time what is now the United States  
and showed the way to the Far West.

## “THE AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO”

REBECCA BATES had company, but neither she nor the little Sarah Winsor, her visitor, guessed what would happen during the visit. Rebecca lived in the lighthouse on one side of Scituate Harbor, in Massachusetts. Her father, the keeper of the light, was in the village, and company or no company, the lantern must be kept in perfect order. That is why the children were up in the tower and Rebecca was rubbing away with all her might to polish the great reflector that sent the light far out over the ocean.

Suddenly the polishing stopped, and Rebecca ran downstairs as fast as she could run to tell her mother that a big British warship was just outside the harbor. Great Britain and the United States were at war, and no one could say what this ship might do. The harbor was full



of little fishing craft, and the warship could easily destroy them. Worse than that, the men might come ashore and burn the town.

While the tide was out, the ship could not come into the harbor; and at the village some people were beginning to hide or carry to the woods the things that they valued most. Others stood on the shore, waiting anxiously to see what the ship would do when the tide turned.

Early in the afternoon the water began to slip into the harbor. First the little boats, then the larger ones began to float. The warship took a position half a mile offshore. Boat after boat, filled with soldiers, was being rowed straight into the harbor, and the soldiers were setting fire to every boat that they came to. It was plain that they meant to burn the fishing boats and probably the whole town.

The women had been sent to the woods, but the men gathered together in the vil-

lage. They had no idea of giving up without a fight, and they were loading their guns and planning where would be the best place to make a stand. There were soldiers in Boston. Oh, if they would only come to help! Help was coming, but in a way that neither the British in the row-boats nor the Yankees in the village dreamed of.

Rebecca's father could not only tend a lighthouse, but he could do all kinds of odd jobs of making and mending; and a day or two before this he had brought home the village drum to mend. His fife lay beside it. Rebecca had an idea and a good one too.

"Sarah Winsor," she exclaimed, "do you know what we two girls are going to do? I'll tell you." Rebecca whispered, and both girls giggled, but softly, as if the British in the boats might hear them. Then Rebecca caught up the drum and Sarah the fife, and they slipped out of the

house toward the beach, crouching behind the low sandhills to keep out of sight.

Soon there began a beating of the drum and a squeaking of the fife. It was not very skillful, but it did make a big noise. "Listen!" said the British, "the American soldiers are coming from Boston," and they rowed away for their lives.

And all the while it was only two little girls marching back and forth behind the sandhills, beating and squeaking with all their might.

## THE BOY MIDSHIPMAN'S FIRST BATTLE

Boys of thirteen do not often go to war; but one morning in February, 1813, young Alexander Perry set off from Newport, Rhode Island, with his big brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, for one of the fiercest battles that America ever saw.

By wagon and by sleigh they went to where Erie now stands. Here was a Government shipyard, but an idle one, for carpenters and stores and timber were wanting. Stores or no stores, the bold young commander proceeded to build ships. He did not wait for the carpenters, but went straight to Buffalo and got others. There was no timber, but there were forests; and out of unseasoned wood he built a fleet.

Meanwhile the British commander was having a fine time in a Canadian village which had invited him and his officers to a dinner. In a speech he said comfortably,

"I expect to find the Yankee brigs hard and fast on the bar at Erie when I return. . . . It will be but a small job to destroy them."

This troublesome sandbar was in front of the harbor at Erie, but Perry had managed to get his vessels over it and was cruising about in search of the British fleet. At last, one bright morning, the lookout in the masthead of Perry's flagship, the *Lawrence*, called "Sail ho!" and signaled to the other vessels—first, "Enemy in sight!" then, "Get under way!" Then up to the masthead swung a square blue flag or burgee, and on it in big white letters were the last words of the hero *Lawrence*, "Don't give up the ship!" There was a roar of cheers from ship after ship, for this was the signal for battle.

Perry forgot that he was sick with a fever, and the young midshipman forgot that he was only a boy, and was eager to do a man's work. A terrible engagement



followed. Men too sorely injured to stand lay on the deck and helped pull the ropes. Some vessels were left without one man. Others badly wounded were carried below, and balls coming through the thin sides of the vessels ended their lives. On the Lawrence only one gun could now be used. Suddenly the big burgee was hauled down and the pennant was hauled down.

“They have surrendered!” cried the British, and the air rang with their cheers.

The young midshipman was in the thick of it all. A hammock driven in by a cannon ball knocked him down; his clothes were torn by flying splinters; and two balls passed through his cap; but he would not leave the deck.

But the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down. This was no surrender, and the British stopped cheering. A little row-boat darted away from the Lawrence, aiming for the Niagara. Through rifts in the smoke Perry could be seen standing up-

right in the boat, the burgee and pennant wrapped about his arm. The Lawrence was out of commission, and Perry was taking the Niagara for his flagship.

A ball crashed through the side of the little boat. Perry pulled off his coat and stuffed it into the hole. Pennant and burgee were hoisted on the Niagara. The British line was soon broken, and the famous message was scribbled on a scrap of paper, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." The British fleet had surrendered to a young man of twenty-seven who had never seen a naval engagement.

This was the boy Alexander's first battle.

## IN SEARCH OF GOLD

LEWIS and Clark had shown the way to the West; but people were not in any hurry to go there to settle. Forty years after the great exploring trip, San Francisco was only a little village of a few hundred persons. About halfway across what is now the State of California a man named Sutter had built a house and a fort. He owned a great deal of land, and on it he kept sheep and cattle. He needed a saw-mill, and he hired a man named James A. Marshall to build one for him.

One morning Marshall went to the mill to begin his day's work. That day's work was never finished, for in a little while he hurried back to Sutter, opened a little pouch, and cried, "See what I have found in the new sluiceway!" There lay grains of something yellow and shining. Both men said to themselves "Gold!" They

hammered it, and it became as thin as a sheet of paper, but did not break. They laid it into the fire, and it did not melt. They put it into sulphuric acid, and it did not change color. As far as the two men could make out, it was gold. Perhaps there was only a little; perhaps there were millions of dollars' worth. Who could say?

Captain Sutter sent a man to the governor to try to get a title to the whole district before any one should hear of the discovery; but the man got drunk and let the secret out. Indeed, Captain Sutter himself was not able to keep it, and whispered it to a few of his friends. In a day or two, men were not only picking up the yellow grains from the sand, but were working with picks and shovels and jack-knives and even with their own bare hands.

It is no wonder that California went wild over this discovery. A man might go to the gold-fields and perhaps make more money in a month than in a lifetime of

toil at any other work. Everybody started. Merchants locked their doors — or forgot to lock them — and started. Sick people forgot that they were sick ; judges forgot that they had courts to attend ; poor men hoped to become rich ; rich men hoped to become richer ; the city councils forgot that they had cities to govern — indeed, they really had none, for the cities had become little villages — and they all started for the gold-fields.

In those days the only way to send a letter to the “Far West” was by giving it to the captain of some sailing vessel going to the Pacific, or by asking some one to carry it who was going that way ; and Californians had been picking up the shining yellow grains for months before the Eastern States learned of the discovery. When they did learn of it, there was a wild rush for California. No one knew when the gold would give out, and every man was afraid it would be gone before he reached the fairyland.



But California was three thousand miles away. How could people get there? There were no railroads, no automobiles, and no stage-coaches. There were only ships and horses and oxen and people's own feet. The easiest way was to take a ship that would sail around South America; but this was also the longest way, and no one liked to risk waiting. Another way was to take a ship for Panama, across the Isthmus, then take a ship on the Pacific side and sail up the coast to San Francisco.

This last way sounded short and easy, and as far as Panama it worked very well. Then the trouble began, for often there were no ships on the Pacific side. The moment they had reached San Francisco, the sailors had run away to the gold mines, and the ships were still at the wharfs. The Isthmus is a hot place, and in those days it was a very sickly place; but there the eager gold-seekers had to wait, sometimes for months. It is no wonder that they were

ready to give every dollar in their pockets in order to get to San Francisco.

The third route was straight across the continent. The easy way to travel was to buy a big wagon with a canvas top, provide food, tools, blankets, and medicines, and set out with some good strong horses. Some went with oxen. Because of Indians, it was safer for a number of these wagons to go together, and they filed in single line across the prairies. When the travelers came to a river, they cut down trees and made a large raft. On this the wagons, or "prairie schooners," as they were called, were placed, one at a time, and the raft was drawn across the river by ropes. At night they camped and gave the horses or oxen a chance to rest and feed. There was no road, but except where the ground was very hard, a trail could be seen.

Sometimes there were attacks by the Indians. Sometimes the red men came by night and stole as many of the horses as

they could. If the emigrants could not get these again, the only thing for them to do was to pick out what they needed most, pack it on the backs of any horses that had not been stolen—or on their own backs—and go the rest of the way on foot. This was the “easy way” to cross the continent; but some people actually set out on foot, with no more idea of where California was than that it lay “somewhere west.” One party went halfway across the State before finding out that they had entered it.

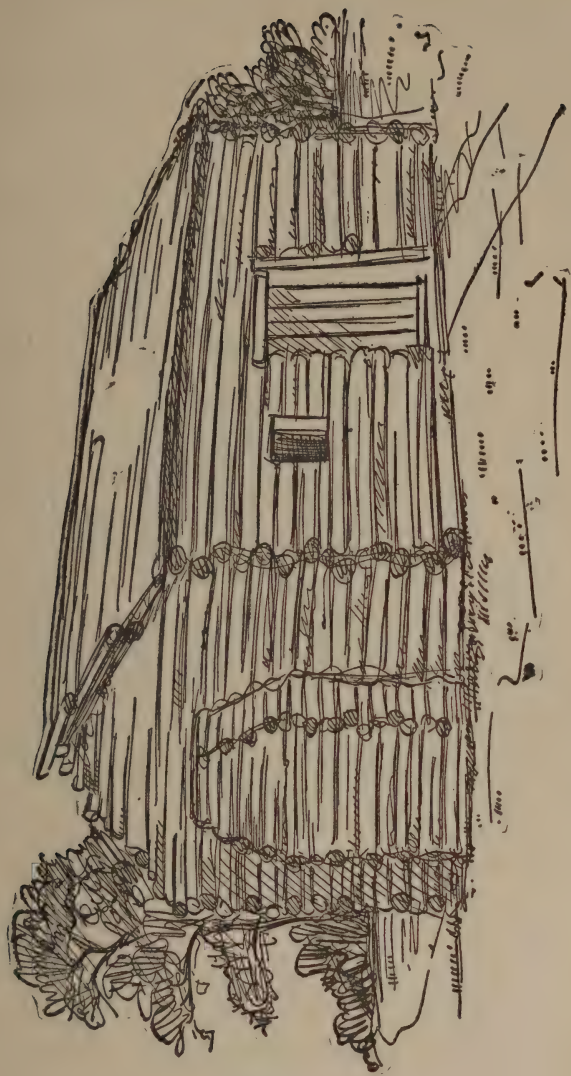
Gold-seeking was not play. Men had to stand in the icy water of the mountain streams with the hot sun beating down upon their heads. Sometimes they found gold, and sometimes they did not. Still, there was always the chance of a “big find,” and the gold-seekers came in thousands. Some went home with fortunes, others went home poorer than when they came. Many never saw their homes again.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT WHO SAVED THE UNION

MORE than a hundred years ago a tiny log house of one room stood in the wilderness of Kentucky. It had no floor but the earth, no door, and no glass in the one window. The wind blew in through the chinks between the logs so keenly that even the roaring fire in the fireplace could not keep the room warm. This is where the little boy was born whose birthday, the Twelfth of February, we celebrate every year.

His mother was a gentle, loving woman. She taught her little son to be a good boy and told him over and over what kind of man she hoped he would become. Long years after this he said, "All that I am, and all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

The only chance for him to go to school was when some schoolmaster wandering



LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME



over the country taught for a few weeks to pay his board. In all, he went to school less than a year; but he borrowed every book that he could hear of, and did not mind in the least a walk of ten or twelve miles if there was a book at the end of it. Somehow he got hold of an old arithmetic, and evenings he lay in front of the fire doing examples in charcoal on a smooth piece of wood.

So it was that the boy, Abraham Lincoln, taught himself. He learned everything that he had a chance to learn, whether he saw any use in it or not, did every kind of work that came to his hand, and did it just as well as he could. He became a ferry boy on the Ohio River. He took a flatboat down the Mississippi River to New Orleans and sold the cargo so well that his employer said no man could have done better. He became clerk in a country store; he split rails; he borrowed a grammar and worked hard on its rules,

trying to learn to speak without mistakes; became postmaster, then surveyor — for he had learned surveying by himself.

Busy as he was, he was never too busy to do a kind act. After he had become a lawyer, and was traveling on horseback across country with some other lawyers, one of them asked, "Where is Lincoln?" They found that he had stopped to hunt up a bird's nest so he could return to it some little birds that had fallen out. Another time the riders passed a pig caught under a fence in the mud. The others seemed to think that there was something very funny in hearing a pig squeal with pain and fright, but Lincoln went back, took some rails from the fence, and helped the pig out.

Lincoln became known as a clear thinker, an eloquent speaker, and a thoroughly honest man, and he was elected to one office after another. In 1860, he was nominated for President by the Republican Party and

was elected. The Republicans were against slavery. Therefore the Southern States were afraid that laws forbidding slavery would be made, and a number of them declared that they no longer belonged to the Union. A little later, the Southern forces fired upon Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, and forced it to surrender. Before this, people had thought that there would be "some way out of it," that Congress would "do something," but this was war, and the President called for seventy-five thousand men. "For three months," he said, and few people had any idea that the war would last for four long years.

It was a hard four years for the President. For his Cabinet he had not chosen the men who had worked to elect him, but the men whom he thought best for the place. Some of these did not like him and found fault with whatever he did. In the midst of all his troubles dozens of persons came to see him and beg him to give them

some office with a good salary. It is no wonder that when he was sick with small-pox, he said, "Now is the time for office-seekers, for I have something that I can give to every one of them."

The hardest callers to meet were those who came to beg him to pardon a son or a brother who had been ordered to be shot for deserting or for sleeping when on guard. Lincoln pardoned so many boys that his generals were in despair. General Butler begged him not to interfere with the rules of the army; and yet, when a heart-broken old man begged for his son's life, Lincoln could not refuse, and exclaimed, "Butler or no Butler, here goes!" and wrote that the boy "is not to be shot till further orders." "And if he does not die till I give the order to shoot him," Lincoln said happily, "he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

In the second year of the war, Lincoln wrote and signed the Emancipation Pro-

clamation. This made millions of slaves into free men; for it declared that the negro slaves in all the States at war with the Union were forever free.

At last the war came to an end. On April 14, 1865, the same flag was raised over the ruins of Fort Sumter that had been taken down at the surrender, just four years earlier. That night the weary, happy President was ready to go to the theater with his wife for the rest that he so much needed. A friend called and begged him to pardon a soldier sentenced to be shot. He signed the pardon. This was his last act as President, for an hour later he was shot by a murderer. The next morning the whole land was in mourning, for the great President who had saved the Union was dead.



## THE GREAT WORLD WAR

THE countries of Europe are so afraid of one another that even in time of peace they are always planning how to defend themselves if war should break out. Belgium is one of the smallest of those countries; but if any one of five or six states wished to attack any other, the easiest way would be to pass through this little country. That is why the others said to Belgium, "If you will agree not to allow any army to go through your land, we will promise to defend you if there should be war."

One morning in August, 1914, the papers told us that Germany was making war against France, that she had broken her promise to protect Belgium, had sent her army into that country, and was pushing on to capture Paris.

Belgium did her best to keep the Ger-

mans back, and she did delay them for two weeks. These two weeks gave France and England time to bring up their standing armies. When the Germans were only twenty-three miles from Paris, there was a terrible battle between Germans on one side and French and English on the other. The Germans went no nearer to the city.

For two years and a half the war went on. Germany had not conquered Europe, as she had planned, but she was almost as strong as ever. She had lost some of her colonies, but she had held on to all her lands in Europe and had made some gains. On the other hand, she had failed to take Verdun. This was a very important town near the border-line between France and Germany. It was not merely a town defended by cannon and forts; it was a wide area of gun-pits, secret roads, tunnels, and underground rooms. Strong forts stood on the hills around it. Deep trenches were now dug and barbed wire was stretched

in wild snarls. For six months the Crown Prince of Germany with the best of the German troops tried to take Verdun, but had to give it up. Germany also lost on the water, for her navy was beaten by the English navy in the North Sea, and never even tried to fight another battle.

Country after country joined in the war. There seemed to be fighting everywhere, in Asia as well as in Europe. On this side of the ocean, Germany was paying men to burn our mills and wreck our railroads. Even worse than this, she was trying to get Japan and Mexico to make us so much trouble that we should be too busy to think anything about affairs across the ocean. She had sunk our ships, harmless merchant vessels, and had given those on board no chance to escape. She sank the *Lusitania*, a great passenger steamer with many hundred men, women, and children on board. Some of these were Americans, and therefore it was our right and duty

to call her to account; but Germany would not do anything to try to make up.

The United States had tried not to "take sides," but the hour had come when she could not stand off any longer, and she entered the war to assist the Allies, as those nations were called who had united against the Germans. Secretary Lane said, "We fight for an honest world in which nations keep their word."

The United States had come into the war partly in defense of our own country; but there was another reason, even more important than this. Before the war, not many Americans had realized how much power the Kaiser, or ruler of the Germans, held. If he wished to make war, this one man could say to his people, "I believe that this is a war to defend Germany"; and then, without asking any one's advice, he could call out the whole army and navy. People began to ask whether any one man ought to have the power to bring

on such a war. Is it better for the people of a land to rule themselves or for some one else to rule them, they questioned. They saw that this war was more than a struggle between two countries; it was a struggle for the rights of all the people in all the world. The United States entered the war to defend her own rights and to help the tired nations that were struggling against a one-man rule for the world.

Germany had hoped that we should not enter the war, and that, even if we did come into it, we should only lend money to the Allies and not do any fighting. In any case, she hoped to win the war before our men could be made into soldiers; but the United States set to work in earnest. Great cantonments were built, real cities in each of which forty thousand men could live. Here they were taught not only how to use arms, but how to take care of themselves, for in many wars more men have died from sickness than from bullets. They



worked hard and learned fast, and the Germans could hardly believe they were not having a bad dream when they learned that more than a million and a half American soldiers were in France, and the same number in the cantonments in America.

The fresh, strong, earnest, American boys, had come to help the wearied troops of the Allies. They made a record that our country may be proud of, for they held their own against the best troops of the German army. As the months passed, it was plain that Germany would have to yield. In 1918 she asked for an armistice; that is, a time of rest from fighting. This was refused because no one doubted that she would use the time to make ready for another attack. Later she asked again for what was called an armistice, but was really a surrender.

There was joy in America. Long before daylight the streets of her cities were full of happy people, singing, dancing, blowing

horns, ringing bells, making any kind of noise that would express their joy that "the boys" were coming home. And on the plains of South Dakota the Sioux Indians made their grave speeches of rejoicing, and then danced their old-time Dance of Victory, for the war had come to an end.

There is one thing that the children of to-day ought never to forget, namely, that their fathers fought this great and terrible war for their sakes. It would have been easy to make some kind of peace with the Germans that would last till the grown folk were all dead; but our brave soldiers suffered and many of them gave their lives for just one reason, and that was to make the world safe for the children of to-day and all the children that will come after them.

## OUR COUNTRY'S HYMNS

### AMERICA

BY SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

ONE gloomy day in February, a young man stood by the window looking out into the gray mist. He was a student at the Theological Seminary in Andover, Massachusetts. In his hand was a book of songs that had just been brought from Europe. One tune he liked very much, because it was simple and easy, but not silly, just such a tune as either children or grown people might sing and like. The words were patriotic, and he said to himself, "What a good tune for a patriotic hymn! I mean to try to write one in English that will go to this music."

He caught up a piece of paper, and in half an hour "America" had been written. Years later some one asked him how he wrote it. He replied, "It was not written,

it just came." He dropped the poem into a drawer, went on with his studies, and forgot all about it. Some months later, a musical friend asked if he had any poems that might be set to music, and he sent this among others.

When the Fourth of July had come, this young man, Samuel Francis Smith, chanced to be walking by Park Street Church, in Boston. Something was going on, and he stepped in to see what it was. Five hundred children or more were gathered there to celebrate the day. Mr. Smith sat down and took up a programme. There was his own name printed on it! He looked to see what he was expected to do. Behold, at the end of the programme was his hymn, and it was to be sung by the children.

Many years after this, when Dr. Smith was eighty-seven years old, the children of the whole country were asked to sing "America" on a certain day. Throughout the land, from north to south and from

east to west, it was sung. On the afternoon of that day, Dr. Smith met some five thousand boys and girls in one of the halls of Boston, and this is the story that he told them.

### THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

SIX months after the firing upon Fort Sumter, Julia Ward Howe and her husband were in Washington, and one day they were asked to attend a review of troops a few miles from the city. While they were watching, the Confederates suddenly made an attack not far away. In a moment it was no longer a parade, it was real warfare. A short distance off was a small body of soldiers who might be cut off by the enemy. Part of the forces were sent to help them. The others were ordered back to their cantonment.

These marching soldiers almost filled the road, and the Howes' horses had to



get on as best they could. To pass the time, Mrs. Howe and her friends sang some of the war songs that everybody was singing in those days. Among them was "John Brown." It was a great favorite of the soldiers, and they joined in the singing with a will.

The next day, Mrs. Howe awoke before daylight, saying over to herself lines and parts of lines that went to the tune of "John Brown." Before long, the whole five stanzas of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" were clear in her mind. But she might fall asleep and forget them! She "sprang out of bed, found in the dimness an old stump of a pen . . . and scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper." Then she went to sleep. When the sun rose, it shone upon her glorious marching song.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

THE oldest of our country's hymns is "The Star-Spangled Banner." It came straight from the smoke of a battle in the War of 1812, which we fought with England. The British had seized Washington and burned the city. When they went back to their ships, they carried with them a Maryland physician as prisoner. The British admiral refused to set him free, although he was not a soldier. There was in Baltimore a young lawyer named Francis Scott Key, whose pleasant manners, his friends fancied, would win over even the stern admiral, and he was sent out under a flag of truce. The admiral was won over and agreed to free the doctor.

But there was one thing in the way. The British had planned to bombard Fort Mchenry, and if these men were set free, they would, of course, give warning. They

must stay until the bombardment was at an end.

Fort McHenry had not many men and its guns were small. All day long the bombardment went on, and all night long. The anxious Americans stood watching, but almost without hope. Toward morning the bombs ceased. Dawn came, a dull, hazy dawning with mists hiding the fort. Suddenly there was a moment's rift in the clouds, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" flashed out into the sunshine. The fort had stood!

On the ship of an enemy, in the gray of that early morning, Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," a faithful story of the night. The song was set to a well-known tune, and before many days had passed, it was sung by Americans everywhere. On every battleship and in every fort and garrison, it is played when the flag is lowered at sunset. Over the grave of its author, in Frederick, Mary-

land, the United States Government has ordered that "Old Glory" shall float forever.

So it was that the three hymns of our country were written: the hymn of trust in God; the hymn of marching forth to battle for the right; and the hymn of rejoicing in well-earned victory.

THE END











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